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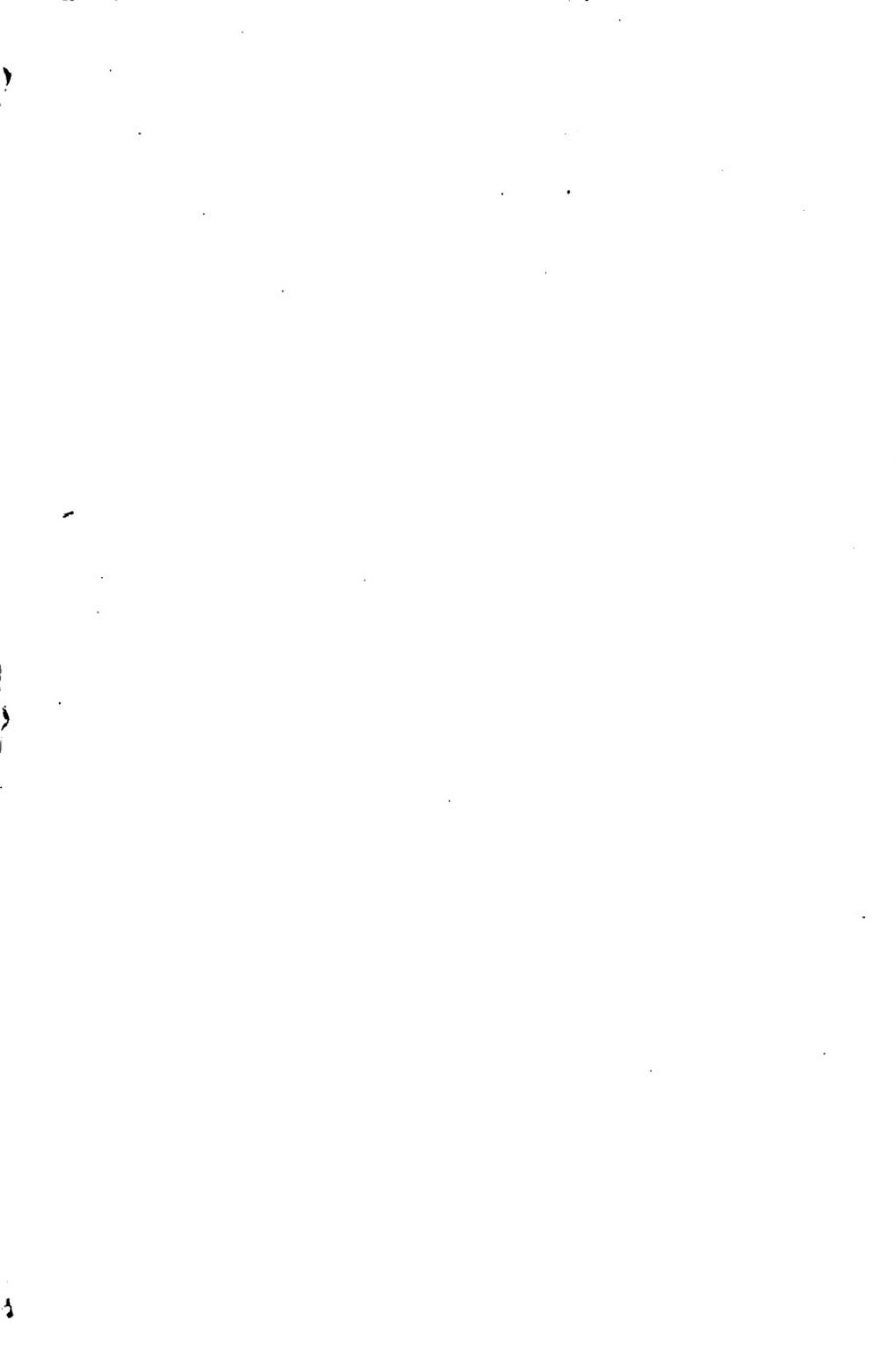
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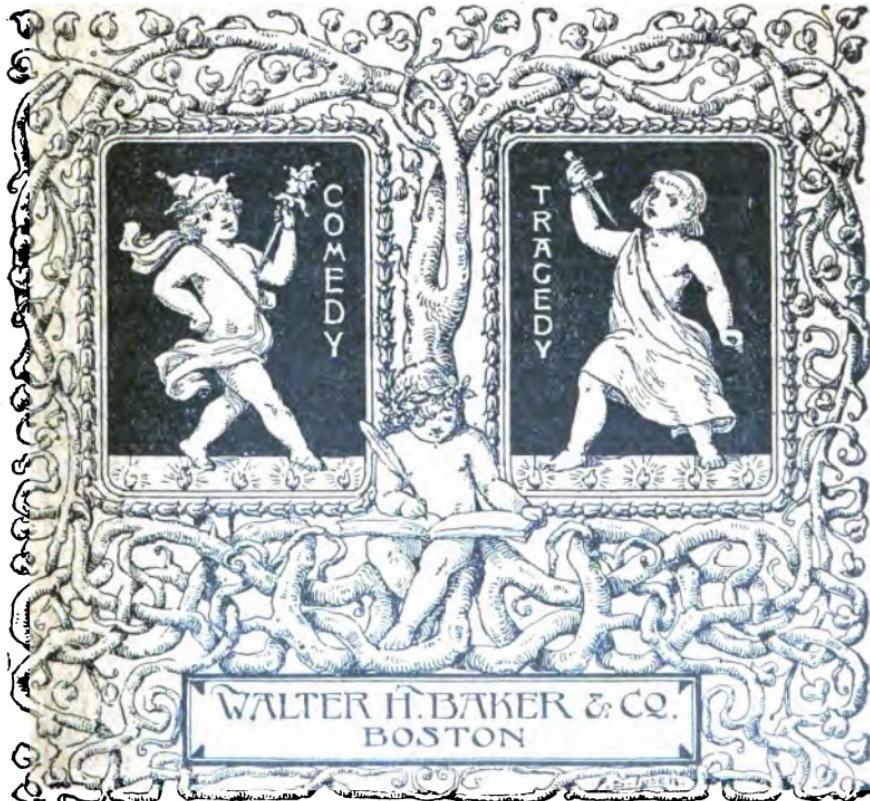
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The Man From Brandon

CHARACTERS

PHIL LESTER, *captain of Brandon football team.*
JEREMIAH DECKER, M. D., *from the Kirby Insane Hospital.*
DAN MOULTON, *of Brandon, Miss Janet's nephew.*
MISS JANET SPENCER, *a maiden lady.*
BERENICE MOULTON, *Miss Janet's niece. Sister of Dan.*
BERTHA MELVIN, *Berenice's friend.*
ANNE, *Miss Janet's maid.*

Costumes, Modern



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The Man From Brandon

SCENE.—MISS JANET'S sitting-room ; time—afternoon. BERENICE and BERTHA seated, BERTHA embroiderying, BERENICE reading a letter.

BERENICE. O Bert, Dan is coming to-day.

BERTHA. Is he really?

BERE. Yes, and he's going to bring a friend with him. It's Phil Lester, the college football captain.

BERT. Do you know him?

BERE. No, I never saw him, except on the football field. They say he's just lovely. But Bert, what shall we do for dinner?

BERT. The new cook should be here soon, shouldn't she?

BERE. Yes, but if anything should happen, and ; besides, you know, the new cook is a man.

BERT. O so you said. I had forgotten. When is Dan to be expected?

BERE. He says to expect him for lunch, but then, nobody can ever tell when to expect Dan. He may be early or he may be hours late.

BERT. We can manage the lunch all right.

BERE. Yes, but I do hope the cook will arrive in time to prepare dinner. It's just like Dan to bring a stranger home with him at the worst possible time, but I suppose we must make the best of it, so here goes for lunch. (*Rises.*)

BERT. All right. We'll make the best showing we can. (*Folds embroidery.*)

Enter MISS JANET, c.

BERE. O Aunt Janet, Dan is coming home to-day, and he is going to bring a friend with him. What shall we do for dinner?

MISS JANET. Never fear, dear, Peter has gone to the station for the cook. I expect him any minute, but I am afraid you girls will be obliged to prepare lunch.

BERE. O we can do that all right. It was only the dinner that bothered us. Come on, Bert.

[*Exit, R., followed by BERT.*

MISS J. O dear, how things are turning out ! I thought today would be the best day possible to have Dr. Decker run out, and now it seems as if everybody else were coming too. I must guard against possible mistakes. (*Goes to door, C., and calls.*) Anne !

Enter ANNE, R.

ANNE. Yes, ma'am.

MISS J. Anne, Mr. Decker, the veterinary surgeon, is coming here to-day to examine my poor little Fido. He is expected at any time, and, when he comes, no person but myself is to know that he is here. Do you understand ?

ANNE. Yes, ma'am. When will the old geezer get here ?

MISS J. Anne ! The idea of referring to a gentleman as an old geezer !

ANNE. Beg pardon, ma'am.

MISS J. As soon as Peter returns with the new cook, send him back to the station for Dr. Decker. You must receive the doctor when he comes, and be sure that nobody else knows that he is here. You know, Berenice thinks that I am making a great deal of unnecessary fuss over my poor little doggie. Be sure and let me know when the doctor arrives.

ANNE. Yes, ma'am, I'll keep the lid on him.

MISS J. You'll do what ?

ANNE. I mean I'll see that nobody butts in.

MISS J. Anne, I do wish that you'd be a little more careful of your language, your slang is perfectly shocking.

ANNE. Yes, ma'am.

[*Exit, R.*

MISS J. I do hope that things will go all right. Berenice thinks it foolish of me to call in a specialist for my little Fido. The idea ! As if the poor little doggy woggy didn't need one just as much as a human. Well, I must get the little darling ready to see the doctor.

[*Exit, R.*

Enter ANNE, C., followed by PHIL, carrying a suit-case.

ANNE. Wait here, please, while I see if the mistress wishes to see you before you commence work.

PHIL. Before I commence work !

ANNE. Yes, you are to begin at once. You see, the young

master is coming home to-day and is bringing a friend with him, so it will be necessary for you to cook the dinner.

PHIL (*aside*). Cook the dinner! What the deuce is the matter with her? I never cooked a thing in my life. (*ALOUD*) I am afraid I don't understand you, you see I'm from Brandon —

ANNE. Yes, you used to be cook there. (*Aside*.) Gee, ain't he a lala! (*Enter BERE., C.*) The new cook, ma'am.

BERE. O I'm glad you've come. Anne will show you your room, and you can assume your duties as soon as you can get ready.

PHIL. Yes, but you see, I'm from Brandon —

BERE. Yes, I know. My brother hired you. He said you were an exceptionally fine cook.

PHIL (*aside*). The deuce he did. I'd like to know what kind of a joint I've got into.

BERE. Anne, show him his room.

ANNE. Yes, ma'am.

[*Exit, R., followed by PHIL with suit-case.*

BERE. There, that's off my mind. Now we shall have no trouble about dinner. (*Enter BERT., C.*) The new cook has arrived.

BERT. Yes, I saw him. He doesn't look like a servant, much less like a cook.

BERE. I noticed that, but Dan said he was well educated. I expected to see a much older man, though.

BERT. Yes, he looks hardly older than Dan.

Enter PHIL, C.

PHIL. Excuse me, ladies, but I'm from Brandon —

BERE. Yes, I know all about it. (*Goes to door, L.*) This is the kitchen. Everything is in readiness, but if you fail to find anything, ask Anne. I think the first thing you had better do is to baste the turkey.

PHIL (*aside*). Baste the turkey! I wonder what in thunder he's got to be basted for.

BERE. We will leave you now. Be sure and baste the turkey. [*Exit, C., followed by BERT.*

PHIL. Well, what in the name of Caesar's ghost is the matter with every one here? Dan sent me on ahead and told me to tell his aunt that he'd be here later. Then that coachman met me at the station and said that he'd been sent to meet me. I wonder how he knew I was coming alone? He couldn't.

Where am I, anyway? They seem to have an idea that I'm a cook, although I can't see where they get it. Well, Phil, old boy, it will be something to tell when you get back to the college, and, while you are waiting to find out who you are, you might as well baste that turkey, if you can find him.

[*Exit, R.*

Enter ANNE, C.

ANNE. My gracious, that new cook is strange. He just asked me to show him where the cellar was, said he wanted the wood-pile. He must be daffy.

Enter DECKER, C. He stops and gazes about room, then crosses slowly to ANNE.

DECKER. Ah—er—can you tell me where I can find Miss Penn?

ANNE (*turns quickly. Aside*). He must be the old sport Miss Janet expects. (*Aloud.*) You mean Miss Spencer, sir, not Miss Penn.

DECK. O well, is she in?

ANNE. I think she is, sir. Please wait until I see. (*Aside.*) He's no beaut. [*Exit, C.*

DECK. (*sits down*). Strange. (*Takes letter from pocket and opens it.*) Yes, there it is. Penn. I was sure of it. P-e-double-n certainly don't spell Spencer. Well, perhaps she was flurried and signed the wrong name. I wonder what sort of a man it is that I am expected to take back to the hospital. The letter said he was violent, but then, people often have the idea that a patient is violent when it is not by any means the case.

Enter ANNE, C.

ANNE. Miss Spencer will be down in a few moments, sir, and she wishes that if any member of the family comes along you will please not say as how your name is Decker.

DECK. Certainly, if she wishes it. It is often the case that the patient can be more easily handled, if he does not know that he is attended by a man of my profession.

ANNE (*aside*). Lor'! How he talks! As if his name would make any difference to a dog. (*Aloud.*) You will please wait here for Miss Spencer, sir.

DECK. Certainly. (*Exit ANNE, C.*) This house seems

very orderly for one containing a man of the type that I should judge the patient to be. Hello, here comes somebody. Perhaps it is my man. (*Rises. Enter PHIL, c., carrying large cudgel.*) Great Scot, it's he all right. (*Advances to meet PHIL.*) My dear friend. (*Extends hand.*) So glad to see you.

PHIL (*aside*). He's got 'em, too. (*Aloud.*) Ah, pleased to meet you.

DECK. (*aside*). He seems rational enough. (*Aloud.*) That's quite a club you have there, my friend.

PHIL. Yes, ain't that a peach? I found it down cellar. Wouldn't it be just the cheese in a cane rush, though?

DECK. (*aside*). Ah, he's been to college. Sad case, poor young fellow. (*Aloud.*) It certainly would. What are you going to do with it?

PHIL. I'm going to baste the turkey, if I can find him.

DECK. (*aside*). That's a strange idea. (*Aloud.*) Why are you going to do that?

PHIL (*aside*). This old cuss has too much curiosity to suit me. He's worse than a geometry test. (*Aloud.*) My orders, sir.

(*Makes move to pass DECK., who gets in front of him and stops him.*)

DECK. My dear sir, you really should not carry that thing about. You may hurt somebody; give it to me.

(*Lays hand on club.*)

PHIL (*jerks it away*). My dear sir, you really should not order this thing (*points to himself*) about. You may get hurt, get out of my way. (*Pushes DECK. aside.*) [Exit, L.

DECK. (*gazes after him*). Well, from that, I should judge that I've quite an extensive job on my hands. I wonder what person has the most influence over him.

Enter Miss J., c. DECK. takes card from pocket and holds it toward Miss J., who fails to see it. DECK. drops hand, but still holds card.

MISS J. Is this Dr. Decker?

DECK. At your service. (*Bows.*)

MISS J. Of course, you know why I summoned you.

DECK. Yes, you stated the reason in your letter.

MISS J. Yes, I wrote you all his symptoms. What would you think of the case from them?

DECK. Well, from your letter, I thought the case a mild one, but, since seeing the patient, I have come to the conclusion that it is extremely complicated.

MISS J. (*surprised*). Since seeing the patient!

DECK. Yes, I just met him and had a few words with him.

MISS J. (*aside*). Had a few words with him! Why this man must be crazy.

DECK. He had a rather strange fancy—thought he had been told to baste the turkey.

MISS J. (*aside*). This man certainly is crazy. I am afraid of him. (*Aloud*.) You think that you can cure him all right?

DECK. In time, yes. But he must be left completely in my care.

MISS J. (*aside*). As if I'd allow my poor little Fido to be placed in his care, but I suppose I must humor him. (*Aloud*.) My dear doctor, I give you full charge. I will leave you now, and you may carry out the matter as you think best.

DECK. Thank you, madame. I will do so.

MISS J. I wish you good luck. [Exit, C.

DECK. Now I must find that man at once, or he may do some harm. He went out here somewhere; I will follow him. (*Drops card on table*.) [Exit, L.

Enter ANNE, R.

ANNE. I wonder where the old geezer's gone. Miss Janet must have taken him off somewhere.

Enter PHIL, C.

PHIL. Say, where the deuce is the turkey?

ANNE. Why, I suppose it's in the oven. Where else would it be?

PHIL. Well, why didn't they say so? Here I've been chasing all over the joint to get a baste at him, and he's been in the oven all the time.

ANNE (*aside*). My land, he must be looney!

PHIL. Would you take him out of the oven before you basted him or would you let him have it just as he is?

ANNE. What on earth are you spelting about?

PHIL. Why, that blooming old turkey. They told me to baste him, and I merely wanted to know how to go about it.

ANNE (*aside*). He must be bughouse. (*Aloud*.) Do it just as you please. [Exit, c.

PHIL (*looks after her*). What kind of a ranch is this, anyhow? I wonder if everybody's daffy but me. (*Sees card on table, picks it up and reads*.) Jeremiah Decker, M. D., Kirby Insane Hospital. (*Speaks*.) O Lord, I thought so. Well, now I'm here, I suppose it's up to me to act as looney as the rest of 'em. (*Enter DECK., L.*) Ah, here comes the Lord High Muck-a-Muck, himself. I'll see what I can do for him.

DECK. There's my man. (*Crosses in front of PHIL*.) Did you find the turkey, my friend?

PHIL (*aside*). I suppose it's impossible to make him believe I'm not daffy, so I'll give him a good one, while I'm about it. (*Aloud*.) O yes, I found him picking electric currents off a whiffle-tree. (*Aside*.) I wonder how that suits him.

DECK. (*aside*). Poor fellow, he is in a bad way. (*Aloud*.) Wouldn't you like to take a trip with me?

PHIL. Take a trip with you? No, sir, excuse me.

(*Starts toward door, c.*)

DECK. O here. But you must.

PHIL (*stops and crosses to DECK*.). O I must, must I? And why, pray tell? Do you intend to force me?

DECK. (*aside*). I wonder if he's going to be violent. Well, I must risk it. (*Aloud*.) Yes, if I have to.

PHIL (*takes DECK. by the neck*). Why, you measly specimen of the genus homo, if you were to touch me, I'd wring your neck. Just like that, see? (*Twists DECK.'s neck*.) Now, sir, think twice, no, think several times, before you attempt to play funny with this chicken. There has been so much funny business played on me to-day, that I'm dangerous. (*Walks toward door, L.*) Understand? Dangerous.

[Exit, L.
DECK. (*feels neck*). I guess he is, all right. I wish the deuce they'd sent somebody else on this job. I must find the old lady and see if she can do anything with him.

[Exit, c.; *bumps into ANNE entering*.
ANNE. My goodness, what a crazy gazabo!

(*Looks after DECK*.)

Enter PHIL, L. Creeps up to ANNE and pats her on the shoulder, then jumps back and waves arms.

PHIL. Tag, you're it.

ANNE (*screams*). Go way from me! Go way.

(Runs out c., followed by PHIL.)

Enter BERE., R.

BERE. What can be the cause of all this commotion?

Enter DECK, C.

DECK. Excuse me, lady. Have you seen him?

BERE. Seen him! Seen who?

DECK. Why, the patient.

BERE. (*aside*). The patient! Who can he mean? (*Aloud*.) What patient do you refer to?

DECK. Why, the young man who is mentally unbalanced, you know.

BERE. (*aside*). Who on earth can this man be? I never saw him before. (*Aloud*.) I don't understand you.

DECK. (*aside*). Probably it has been kept a secret. I will say no more about it. (*Aloud*.) Never mind. May I see Miss Spencer?

BERE. I will see.

[*Exit, C.*

DECK. (*walks about stage*). Peculiar spot, this, yet very pleasant. I hope that I will be able to get the patient away without causing undue commotion.

Enter PHIL., C.

PHIL. Confound that old duck. Can't I get away from him?

DECK. (*turns about*). O it's you.

PHIL (*crossly*). Yes, it's me. (*Crosses to DECK*.)

DECK. (*puts hand on PHIL's shoulder*). Will you be ready to start on the next train?

PHIL (*knocks off DECK's hand*). How many times have I got to tell you to keep your hands off me, you bat-eared, wall-eyed son of a star-fish? I tell you now, once and for all, that I don't travel anywhere in your company. You know the way to the depot; to get there in time for the next train, you'll have to hike. (*Points to door, C.*) There's the door. (*Seizes DECK. by the neck*.) Now hike! (*Flings DECK. out, C., and*

comes to the front of stage.) Unless I get out of this place pretty soon, I'm afraid that something will drop.

Enter Miss J., R.

MISS J. Dear me, where's Dr. Decker?

PHIL. O he left very suddenly. (*Aside.*) She's a new one.

MISS J. (*aside*). This must be the new cook. (*Aloud.*) Will you get me a kettle of hot water?

PHIL. Certainly. (*Aside.*) I wonder if she's got rats in her garret, too.

(*Goes toward door, L.*)

MISS J. Please let me know when the water is hot.

PHIL. Yes'm. [*Exit, L.*

MISS J. That doctor desires to see me. I wish he would go away. I really believe that he is insane.

Enter ANNE, C.

ANNE (*comes forward*). Miss Janet, I'm goin' to give notice right here and now, unless that new cook stops chasing me.

MISS J. Why, what do you mean? Are you crazy?

ANNE. No'm, but he is. Ugh!

PHIL (*sticks head in door, L.*). Water's hot. (*Aside.*) I wonder what's up.

ANNE. O you miserable thing. (*Runs out, C.*)

PHIL (*aside*). Yep, that's me.

MISS J. Please bring it here.

PHIL. Yes'm. (*Disappears.*)

MISS J. He seems a real nice sort of a young man.

(*Goes toward door, C.*)

Enter PHIL, L., with kettle of hot water.

PHIL. Here it is.

MISS J. Follow me. I want you to give my little dog, Fido, a hot bath. [*Exit, C.*

PHIL (*aside*). O I'll make a hot dog of Fido, all right.

[*Exit, C.*

Enter ANNE, R., with duster.

ANNE (*dusts room*). I don't see what's got into every one.

Enter BERT., C.

BERT. (*sits by table, picks up magazine*). O I'm so tired of this quiet life.

ANNE. Quiet life, is it? If you was me, you wouldn't call it a quiet life. What with that crazy doctor raving around and the new cook chasing me all over the house, it's no quiet life I has, I can tell you, miss.

BERT. New cook chasing you all over the house! Why, what do you mean?

ANNE. Just what I says, miss. He runs up and yells tag, or something every time he sees me.

BERT. Why, how funny.

ANNE. Funny, is it? If you was me, perhaps it wouldn't be so funny.

(*Dog howls.*)

BERT. Why, what was that?

ANNE. Oh, he's probably trying to be funny with Fido, now. I hope he is; the mistress will fire him sure.

Enter BERE., C. Dog howls.

BERE. What can be the matter with Fido?

(*Enter PHIL, C., kettle of water in one hand and dog in the other. Exit ANNE, R.*)

PHIL. Nothing much, he just naturally objects to bathing, that's all.

BERE. What are you going to do with him?

PHIL. Put him to soak.

BERE. Does aunty know it?

PHIL. O yes. She told me to bring him down gently and give him a bath.

BERT. Is that what you call gently?

PHIL. No, but it's as gently as the little Turk will consent to be handled.

BERE. Well, I suppose you want plenty of room.

PHIL. Not at all. I'll just take him down to the laundry and pitch him into one of the set tubs. [*Exit, L.*

BERT. He doesn't seem a bit like a servant, does he?

BERE. He certainly doesn't. I wonder if Dan has known him long.

Miss J. (*outside*). Berenice, will you please come here a few minutes?

BERE. Coming, auntie.

[*Exit*, c.]

Enter DECK., R.

DECK. (*aside*). Ah, there's another member of the household, perhaps I shall succeed better with her. (*Aloud*.) Excuse me, miss, but can you tell me where I can find that young man?

BERT. (*aside*). This must be that crazy doctor Anne spoke about. (*Aloud*.) What young man do you refer to? The cook?

DECK. No. The young man who is mentally unbalanced. I have met him several times this afternoon.

BERT. (*rises; aside*). He must be mentally unbalanced. (*Aloud*.) No, sir, I have not seen him. Please excuse me, I must leave you.

DECK. (*aside*). Everybody has left me before I have had a chance to find out a thing; I must not lose this chance. (*Pushes BERT. back into chair and holds hand on her shoulder*.) Wait just a moment, please, I would like to ask you some questions. Don't be frightened, I mean you no harm.

BERT. (*aside*). This man is crazy; I must get away from him. (*Aloud*.) Sir, take your hand off my shoulder at once.

Enter PHIL., L.

PHIL. Well, if there isn't old Jehu, again. I'll settle him this time. (*Crosses to DECK. and seizes him by coat collar*.) My friend, didn't I tell you to vanoise? (*DECK. turns quickly and attempts to seize PHIL.*) O no you don't. Right this way, my friend.

(*Runs DECK. off, L.*)

BERT. Well, I guess I'll go while I can.

[*Exit*, c.]

Enter ANNE, R., with duster.

ANNE. Things has been so quiet here for a few minutes that I expect trouble any time. (*Enter PHIL., pushing DECK. before him, water dripping from DECK.'s head*.) O Lor', I thought so.

(*All three run out, c.*)

Enter MISS J., R., carrying towel.

MISS J. The cook said that Fido was in the laundry. I must go down and care for the little dear. [Exit, L.

Enter PHIL, R., carrying suit-case.

PHIL. By the suffering Moses, I've had enough of this joint. It's me to the good old college.

(Starts toward door, C.)

Enter BERE., C.

BERE. (*surprised*). Why, where are you going?

PHIL. Well, you see, I'm from Brandon and —

BERE. Yes, but my brother hired you to come down here.

PHIL (*aside*). He must have been drunk, or else I was.

BERE. Why have you your suit-case?

PHIL (*aside*). O there's no use trying to get out of this daffy house, I may as well play the con and stay here. (*Aloud*) I was looking for my apron, but I can't seem to find it. I suppose I came off without it.

BERE. Very careless, I'm sure. I will get you one of Anne's.

PHIL. O no, you won't.

BERE. What?

PHIL. O—er—I mean, do so. Thank you very much.

BERE. (*aside*). What a strange man. [Exit, C.

PHIL (*slams suit-case on table*). O what's the use? I'm here and I guess I've got to stay here, but I'll murder Dan Moulton for this. (*Sits.*)

Enter BERT., C., with magazine, comes forward, sees PHIL.

BERT. O Mr.—ah —

PHIL (*rises*). Lester.

BERT. (*aside*). Lester, how queer! (*Aloud*) I am very much obliged to you for taking that strange man off.

PHIL (*bows*). Don't mention it. (*Aside*.) Evidently she don't know old Jehu, either.

BERT. Do you like the place here?

PHIL. Perfectly captivated. (*Aside*.) That's no joke either.

BERT. That's fine. Berenice has had such a hard time to find a cook.

PHIL (*aside*). I don't wonder.

Enter BERE., c., carrying long apron.

BERE. Here's your apron.

PHIL (*aside*). O Lord ! (*Takes apron. Aloud*.) Thank you. How do you get into the thing ?

BERT. (*laughs*). I'll show you. (*Takes apron and ties it about PHIL.*) There, now you look fine.

PHIL. Yes, perfectly stunning.

[*Exit, l., with suit-case.*

BERT. He doesn't seem a bit like a servant, does he ?

BERE. He certainly doesn't.

Enter MISS J., l., with dog.

MISS J. Poor little doggie, he's sick again.

BERE. I'm sorry.

MISS J. I think I'll put him to bed. Will you please get his medicine, Berenice.

BERE. Shall I take it up-stairs ?

MISS J. Yes, please. [*Exit, c.*

BERE. Well, I must play the nurse girl again. See you later, Bert.

BERT. (*rises*). O I'm going with you.

BERE. All right, come on. [*Exeunt, R.*

Enter DAN, c., carrying suit-case. He walks across stage, drops case by the table and sits down.

DAN. Well, here I am. I wonder where everybody else is. (*Takes pipe from pocket and starts to fill it.*) They've probably gone off somewhere with Phil. Wonder if the new cook's come. Pretty good idea of mine, to send to an employment bureau when I found I couldn't get the old college cook. (*Puts pipe in mouth, then throws it on the table.*) Confound this football ! I keep forgetting that I can't smoke for a fortnight yet. (*Enter DECK., c., crosses to door, l. DAN, aside.*) That must be the new cook. (*Aloud.*) Hi there, Epicurus, what are you looking for ?

DECK. (*turns about; aside*). Another one.

DAN. Well, confound it, can't you talk ?

DECK. I was just looking for a gentleman.

DAN. Can't you find one ?

DECK. I don't seem to be able.

DAN (*aside*). Complimentary old cuss.

DECK. (*aside*). I wonder who he is. (*Aloud*.) Are you a member of the family?

DAN (*aside*). Well, wouldn't that jar you! (*Aloud*.) No, I'm the star boarder. Who the deuce are you?

DECK. (*aside*). Miss Spencer doesn't want my name known. I will pass with him as one of the servants. (*Aloud*.) I'm the new—new —

DAN. Cook?

DECK. Yes, cook. The new cook.

DAN. Ah! Well, cook, how long before dinner will be served? I'm hungry.

DECK. Very soon.

DAN. All right. (*Rises and picks up suit-case*.) I guess I'll hike up and take a wash. [*Exit, c.*]

DECK. Well, I played that little game rather neatly, but it may lead to trouble later on. (*Listens*.) Here comes that lunatic, I must get out. [*Exit, r.*]

Enter PHIL, L., face covered with soot and flour.

PHIL. Well, of all the confounded scrapes a fellow ever got into, this takes the bun. I'd like to know what kind of a deal I'm up against, anyway. Baste the turkey, get the dinner, wash the dog, holy smoke! And now they say bake some bread. If there are any reasonable people here, I'd like to be able to distinguish them from the batty ones, then, perhaps I could explain that my business is not along grub lines. (*Enter Miss J., c.; comes forward. PHIL, aside.*) O Lord! I wonder if there's something the matter with Fido again.

MISS J. Do you know where my nephew has gone?

PHIL. I haven't seen him.

MISS J. Why, he said that he'd been talking with you.

PHIL. O—er, I meant that I hadn't seen him lately. (*Aside*.) A fellow must be a prime liar to get along in this place, all right.

MISS J. Then you don't know where he went?

PHIL. No, madame, I haven't the least idea.

MISS J. Then I must look for him. [*Exit, c.*]

PHIL. Well, I've got out of that. (*Enter BERE., r.*) Here's another one. I guess I'll skidoo before she asks any unpleasant questions. [*Exit, l.*]

Enter DAN, c.

BERE. Why, Dan, I've been hunting the house over for you.

DAN. Same at this end.

BERE. Did Mr. Lester come?

DAN. Holy Moses, isn't he here?

BERE. Why, no, you said he was coming with you.

DAN. I know, but I was detained and sent him on ahead of me.

BERE. But he isn't here.

DAN. Great Cæsar!

BERE. Now what can have happened? I must tell Bert.

[Exit, c.]

(DECK. appears at door R., and peeps in. Looks cautiously about and enters.)

DECK. I wish this job was finished.

(Enter PHIL, L., carrying large lump of dough and an immense square tin pan. Exit DECK., c.)

PHIL. Bread! The blame stuff don't look like any bread that I ever ate. (Puts pan on table.) Now what'll I do? (Fishes under apron and brings out cook-book. Reads.) Knead into roll about a foot long and bake in large pan.

(Twists bread into roll and throws it into pan.)

Enter Miss J., c.

MISS J. Will you please bring a tub in here and fill it with water? My poor little doggie is sick again, and I want to give him a bath.

PHIL. Certainly. (Aside.) If that dog was mine, I'd wring his blame neck. [Exit, L.]

MISS J. (goes to door and calls). Anne!

ANNE. Yes'm.

MISS J. Bring some towels, please.

ANNE. Yes'm.

MISS J. Now I will get the poor little doggie ready.

[Exit, c.]

Enter PHIL, L., with large wooden tub.

PHIL. This is better than making bread, anyhow.

(Places tub in middle of stage.)

Enter ANNE, C., with towels.

ANNE. I'll put these right by the tub.

(*Enter PHIL, with two pails of water. Exit ANNE, C. PHIL pours water into tub. Exit L. Enter BERT. and BERE., C.*)

BERE. Dan said that Phil Lester came on ahead of him. I don't understand it at all. (*Sits.*)

BERT. It is very strange. You don't suppose he could have gone to the wrong place, do you? (*Sits opposite.*)

Enter PHIL, L., with two pails of water. Empties them.

BERE. What is that for?

PHIL. Dear Fido.

[*Exit, L.*

Enter DECK., C.

DECK. Young ladies, I must have your help in securing that young man. He knows you, and will listen to you.

BERT. (*rises*). That crazy man again!

DECK. No, lady, I am not crazy, but I really believe that everybody else here is. You must sit down.

(*Pushes BERT. down; BERT. screams.*)

Enter PHIL., L.

PHIL. (*seizes DECK.*). You progeny of a marine chef, I've told you to vamose for the last time. I'll settle you this trip.

(*Picks DECK. up and sets him in the tub. DECK. shouts and struggles to rise, PHIL. pushes him back and, taking dough from pan, slaps it on DECK.'s head, then dances about flourishing his fists in DECK.'s face. DECK. sits still and watches him.*)

Enter MISS J., C.

MISS J. What is the matter?

PHIL. I'm just convincing this gentleman by practical demonstrations that this region is unhealthy.

BERE. Who is he, Aunt Jane?

MISS J. Let him up instantly. (*PHIL. steps back but eyes DECK. threateningly.*) He is Dr. Decker, the veterinary surgeon. (*DECK. starts.*)

DECK. I beg pardon, madame. Decker, the veterinary, is my brother. I am Jeremiah Decker, M. D., of Kirby Insane Hospital, and I came down here at the request of Miss Spencer or Miss Penn, I am not sure which.

MISS J. Miss Penn lives three houses down. You were probably called for her brother.

PHIL. (*aside*). Well, I'll be jiggered. (*Aloud*.) I beg your pardon, Mr. Decker, I see you are in the same fix that I am.

MISS J. Why, what do you mean?

PHIL. I came from Brandon, but not with the intention of becoming a cook. My name is —

Enter DAN, C. Sees PHIL.

DAN. Phil Lester! Holy Cæsar!

(*Drops on sofa, laughing.*)

CURTAIN



A NEW START A Comedy in Four Acts

By C. A. Pellanus

Seven males, two females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. A very funny play intended for performance by boys or young men.

CHARACTERS

MR. W. WRIGHTUP, alias
DR. PHIL GRAVES, R.S.V.P., P.T.O. } student.
MICHAEL SPODWER, his servant, from Tipperry.
COLOWEL AILMENT, a patient.
MISS O'PHEE, a patient.
THOMAS WROTTER, an ambitious youth.
MRS. LANGWIDGE, his aunt, of British origin.
MR. PERCY VEERING, an attorney.
A LABORING MAN.

Price, 15 cents

TOO CLEVER BY HALF

A Comedy in Three Acts

By C. A. Pellanus

Six males, two females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a quarter. Very lively and funny; intended for performance by boys or young men.

CHARACTERS

JUDGE SIMEON ADAMS, a well-to-do, kindly, pompous old bachelor.
MISS BURGESS, his housekeeper. With matrimonial schemes.
NATHAN DEAN, the village constable. Fat-witted, and gullible.
HOWARD FOSTER, a Pinkerton detective. Too clever by half.
MONSIEUR GASPARD, a Chef d'Orchestre.
B. FLAT } musicians. Britishers.
A. SHARP }
MRS. WORDY, landlady of the village inn.
Price, 15 cents

THE FIRST DAY OF THE HOLIDAYS

A Comedy in Four Acts

By C. A. Pellanus

Six male characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. An exceptionally brisk and humorous piece intended for male characters only.

CHARACTERS

PROF. B. WILLDARD, a naturalist. A short-sighted old man.
JOB SHIRKER, a shoemaker. Envious of other men's success.
JOSEPH SHIRKER, his son. A tramp.
HENRY COPPER, a police officer and a duffer, born in England.
TOM BOUNDER } schoolboys. Impertinent and full of high spirits.
JIM BOUNDER }

Price, 15 cents

A REGULAR RAH! RAH! BOY

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Fourteen male characters, sixteen or seventeen years old. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and three-quarters. An ingenious and interesting story of football politics, into the plot of which the "movies" enter as a detective agency. Fred Williamson's unexpected talents as a photo-play comedian get him into all kinds of trouble. Full of the true college atmosphere, lively, bright and a sure hit. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

LE ROY BRIGGS, captain of the football team	Should be played by boys sixteen and seventeen years old.
SAM BIGELOW, centre	
FRED WILLIAMSON, quarter back	
HAROLD SMITH, half back	
PHILIP AINSWORTH, sub	
DICK COLTON, sub.	
RUSSELL SYDNEY	
LEONARD FERGUSON	{ Juniors.
STEPHEN REYNOLDS	
CLAYTON KING, football coach and instructor in Milford Academy.	
MURPHY, trainer.	
MR. DEANE, an instructor.	
ALEXANDER NORTON, Manager of the Star Moving Picture Theatre.	
JIMMY COLTON, Dick's little brother, "a regular rah! rah! boy."	
Extra schoolboys and visitors for acts two and three.	

ON THE QUIET

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Twelve male characters. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays an hour and a half. A picturesque and exciting story of the Maine Woods. Some Dartmouth freshmen, camping out, become the victims of a practical joke by one of their number who tires of the unexciting life of the camp. They discover a note telling of a brutal murder in the woods and in their pursuit of the criminal through clews ingeniously furnished by the joker, they get a lot of inoffensive people into a sad mix-up, with the aid of Jeremiah Hincks, a rustic Sherlock Holmes. Very swift and lively and strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

HIRAM JONES' BET

A Farce in One Act

By May E. Countryman

One male, two females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. Hiram Jones, an incurable maker of bets, inveigles two ladies into making wagers with him in regard to the loan of a patent egg-beater; he thinks that he has a safe thing on both, but discovering his plot, the ladies get together and so arrange matters that he loses both bets. Very lively, bright and funny and a sure thing with an audience.

Price, 15 cents

THE CAMP-FIRE GIRLS

A Comedy in Four Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Fifteen female characters and seven children who do not speak. Scenery, one interior and two exteriors; costumes modern and Indian. Plays a full evening. An admirable vehicle for spreading the principles of this helpful order as well as an interesting and effective entertainment suitable for any occasion. Peggy Malone, the little drudge, is a part of enormous sympathy; Zingara, the gypsy, very picturesque and dramatic; and Mollie Mealy, the old maid, a scream. Very strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

PEGGY MALONE, *a little drudge.*

MRS. BACON, *a boarding-house keeper.*

BEULAH MARIE, *her daughter, aged seventeen.*

MISS HENRIETTA DASH, *a newspaper reporter.*

MISS MOLLIE MEALY, *an old maid, so sentimental.*

MISS LEE, *the guardian of the camp.*

ZINGARA, *a wandering gypsy.*

NEETA, *a little gypsy song-bird.*

NELL MASON

MARGERY GILMORE

BETTY THURSTON

NAN LESTER

MELISSA HICKS

DORIS GRAY

PHYLLIS MARVIN

Camp-Fire Girls.

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAMMES

ACT I. Christmas day in a boarding-house. The poor little drudge. Beulah entertains the camp. Peggy dreams.

ACT II. The dream. The Princess Pocahontas.

ACT III. Same as Act I. The awakening. Her cup of misery.

ACT IV. A gypsy camp. The Carnegie medal. Happiness at last.

OUR BOYS

A Comedy in Three Acts

By H. J. Byron

A new edition of this evergreen comedy, reprinted from an acting copy and containing all the "gags" and stage business employed in professional performances of the piece, arranged for amateur production by Frank W. Fowle, following the traditions of the Boston Museum. Starting with a run of more than 1,500 nights in its original production, no existing play has had a larger or more universal success in the theatre than this. Very easy to produce and a sure hit in amateur theatricals.

Price, 15 cents

ENGAGED BY WEDNESDAY

A Farce in Three Acts

By Grace Arlington Owen

Five males, eleven females. Costumes, modern; scenery of little importance. Plays an hour and a half. Arthur Watson and Lucile Persons, long destined for one another by their respective mammas, are suddenly told, after a separation of seven years, that they are to get engaged at once. Neither likes the idea, and being personally unknown to one another, each persuades three friends to masquerade under their names for a day. The result is bewilderingly funny. Very easy, funny and effective. Strongly recommended for schools.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MARTIN HENRY, *the laziest man in the county.*

ARTHUR WATSON.

JACK,
TED, } friends of Arthur's.
DICK,

MISS ABIGAIL PERSONS, *a woman of ideas.*

MRS. WATSON, *a gentle person.*

LUCILE PERSONS.

MARIE,
JANE, } friends of Lucile.
MABEL,

MARY, *Martin Henry's aunt; cook at the Persons'.*

FIRST GIRL.

SECOND GIRL.

FIRST GYPSY.

SECOND GYPSY.

THE TEMPLETON TEAPOT

A Farce in One Act

By Grace Cooke Strong

Four males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. The Templeton Teapot, a priceless antique, gets tangled up with a modern love-affair and has some strange adventures in consequence, getting the hero arrested as a burglar and every one else sadly mixed up. Bright, brisk and entertaining. Recommended for schools.

Price, 15 cents

THE TURN IN THE ROAD

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgman

Nine males. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays an hour and a half. Hiram Skinner's cow gets mixed up with some Colton University students and, besides causing more or less fun and excitement, brings it about that the most insignificant "grind" in college is about the best man there. Sympathetic and interesting. A good high school play.

Price, 15 cents

CRANBERRY CORNERS

A Comedy Drama in Four Acts

By Arthur Lewis Tubbs

Six males, six females. Scenery, one exterior, one interior; costumes, modern. Plays two and a quarter hours. Carlotta, a city girl, is forced by her fashionable aunt to give up her country lover and promise to marry a wealthy scoundrel who controls the aunt through her past. Tom, the rustic lover, discovers Carlotta's father in a tramp, clears his name, baffles the aunt and frustrates her plot. Dramatic and full of interest; strongly recommended. Lots of incidental comedy.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

TOM DEXTER, *one of Nature's noblemen.*

SIDNEY EVERETT, *of the world worldly.*

BEN LATHAM, *a wanderer.*

ANDREW DEXTER, *Tom's father.*

HEZEKIAH HOPKINS, *fond of an argument.*

NATHAN SPECK, *the hired man.*

CARLOTTA BANNISTER, *a child of fate.*

ANASTASIA BANNISTER, *her "stylish" aunt, from New York.*

AMELIA DEXTER, *sister of Andrew.*

MRS. MUSLIN, *something of a talker, "as you might say."*

BELLA ANN, *help at the farm.*

FLORINE, *a maid.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The yard at Ferndale Farm, Cranberry Corners, on an afternoon in July. The telegram.

ACT II.—Same as Act I, about a week later. The stranger.

ACT III.—Residence of Mrs. Bannister, New York City. Three months have elapsed. In the hands of fate.

ACT IV.—Back at the farm, two weeks later. The silver lining.

VEAL BREADED

A Comedy in One Act

By John M. Francis

Three males, three females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty-five minutes. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong have married one another, both hating veal, but each under a fixed impression that the other likes it. One of the results of a little flirtation of their friend Joyce with Mrs. A.'s pretty aunt is that the truth comes out and the hated meat is no longer the cause of trouble between them. Very original and amusing and strongly recommended. French dialect comedy character.

Price, 15 cents

Two New Prompt Books

Edited by

GRANVILLE BARKER

THE WINTER'S TALE

By William Shakespeare

*An acting edition with a producer's preface by Granville Barker
With Costume Designs by Albert Rothenstein
As produced by Lillah McCarthy at the Savoy Theatre, London*

An admirable stage version of this play suitable for school performance, if desired, under simplified conditions as to scenery. Mr. Rothenstein's illustrations contain many helpful suggestions as to costuming.

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By William Shakespeare

*An acting edition with a producer's preface by Granville Barker
With Illustrations and Costume Designs by Norman Wilkinson
As produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, by Lillah McCarthy*

Uniform in appearance and style with the above and similarly helpful for performance by amateurs as well as by professional talent.

Price, 25 cents

Mr. Barker's "producer's prefaces" are a trial step in the direction of providing less experienced actors and managers of the great plays with the results of an expert consideration of them from an acting standpoint. Like Miss Fogerty's admirable work in connection with the five plays listed elsewhere, they are designed not merely to answer the questions that must arise but to put the inexperienced producer into such a relation with the text that his own intelligence will be able to cope with his problem without help or suggestion. One learns how a man like Mr. Barker approaches a play with the idea of staging it, and so how another may do the same thing. In this they will be seen to be truly and genuinely educational as well as merely helpful.

Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of price

**Walter H. Baker & Co., 5 Hamilton Place
BOSTON, MASS.**

THE VILLAGE POST-OFFICE

An Entertainment in One Scene by Jessie A. Kelley. Twenty-two males and twenty females are called for, but one person may take several parts and some characters may be omitted. The stage is arranged as a country store and post-office in one. Costumes are rural and funny. Plays a full evening. Full of "good lines" and comical incident and character. Strongly recommended for church entertainments or general use; very wholesome and clean.

Price, 25 cents

MISS FEARLESS & CO.

A Comedy in Three Acts by Belle Marshall Locke. Ten females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening. A bright and interesting play full of action and incident. Can be strongly recommended. All the parts are good. Sarah Jane Lovejoy, Katie O'Connor and Euphemia Addison are admirable character parts, and Miss Alias and Miss Alibi, the "silent sisters," offer a side-splitting novelty.

Price, 25 cents

LUCIA'S LOVER

A Farce in Three Acts by Bertha Currier Porter. Eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. A bright and graceful piece, light in character, but sympathetic and amusing. Six contrasted types of girls at boarding-school are shown in a novel story. Lots of fun, but very refined. Easy to produce and can be strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

A GIRL IN A THOUSAND

A Comedy in Four Acts by Evelyn Gray Whiting. Fourteen females. Costumes, modern; scenes, three interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening. Very strong and sympathetic and of varied interest. Irish comedy; strong "witch" character; two very lively "kids"; all the parts good. Effective, easy to produce, and can be strongly recommended as thoroughly wholesome in tone as well as amusing.

Price, 25 cents

MRS. BRIGGS OF THE POULTRY YARD

A Comedy in Three Acts by Evelyn Gray Whiting. Four males, seven females. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. A domestic comedy looking steadfastly at the "bright side" of human affairs. Mrs. Briggs is an admirable part, full of original humor and quaint sayings, and all the characters are full of opportunity. Simply but effectively constructed, and written with great humor. Plays two hours.

Price, 25 cents

TOMMY'S WIFE

A Farce in Three Acts by Marie J. Warren. Three males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. Originally produced by students of Wellesley College. A very original and entertaining play, distinguished by abundant humor. An unusually clever piece, strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

THE HEIRESS HUNTERS

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays two hours and twenty minutes. Upon the dark days of Tom, Dick and Harry, author, artist and musician respectively, starving in a New York garret under the dominion of the Widow Wood, dawns the radiant vision of Amethyst Lake, heiress and belle of Kokomo, and a lively competition for her affections at once ensues, greatly complicated by divers previous attachments to La Lolita, the Widow and other energetic ladies. Two hours of highly amusing excitement; all the parts good; very funny. Professional stage-rights reserved. Well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

TOM TIMMONS, *author*
DICK CHETWYND (*Lora Richard Chetwynd*), *artist*
HARRY CLIVE, *musician*
MAJOR MORANN, *Tom's uncle and Amethyst's guardian*.
WHIMPER, *the only butler in Kokomo*.
AMETHYST LAKE, *the heiress*.
NELL GRAY, *a true American girl*.
LA LOLITA, *a model young lady from Spain*.
MRS. BALLOU, *Amethyst's aunt, with social aspirations*.
THE WIDOW WOOD, *who could blame her?*
JOHN PATRICK WOOD, *aged fourteen*.
PANDORA WOOD, *aged thirteen*.
ROSELLA WOOD, *aged six*
BIJAH WOOD, *a mere splinter* } no lines to speak.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The Castle of the Three Musketeers. Off for Kokomo.
ACT II.—The lawn at Lakemont, Kokomo, Indiana. The
Widow Wood.
ACT III.—Evening party at Lakemont. Cupid shoots right and
left.

THE GREAT CHICKEN CASE

A Mock Trial

By Allan Burns

Eight males, four females and jury. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays one hour and forty-five minutes. Henry Henpeck is charged with the larceny of one chicken intended for the consumption of the Ladies' Aid Society of Pumpkin Corners. Very funny and full of local hits, adapted to any locality. Two songs introduced, if desired. A strong addition to the too small list of such entertainments.

Price, 25 cents

LOVE AND TEA

A Comedy Drama of Colonial Times in Two Acts

By Anna Phillips See

Two males, six females. Scenery, a single interior; costumes of the period. Plays an hour and a half. Miss Boltwood, a despotic spinster, joins a band of ladies who forswear tea until the war is over. Her niece, Betty, whose engagement she opposes, catches her in the act of secretly indulging and thus forces her consent. A clever and amusing picture of the period that can be strongly recommended. Fine colored comedy character. All the parts good.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MISS LAVINIA BOLTWOOD, a despotic spinster.

BETTY BOLTWOOD, her niece.

MRS. COWLES, a neighbor.

MRS. ADAMS, another.

MRS. STRONG, the village gossip.

MANDY, slave of Miss Boltwood's.

JUDGE INGRAM, a middle-aged bachelor of mild Tory sentiments.

WILLIAM DICKINSON, a fiery young minuteman.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The living-room of a comfortable village home, a few days after the Battle of Lexington.

ACT II.—The same, not long after the Battle of Bunker Hill.

THE HAPPY DAY

A Farce in One Act

By Octavia Roberts

Seven female characters. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays half an hour. Sybil Marlowe, a bride, worried to death by the burden of preparation for a fashionable wedding and on the eve of a quarrel with her fiancé over the strenuous entertainments of her friends, cuts the knot when an impossible country cousin turns up with a demand to serve as bridesmaid, and gets married on the quiet. Very bright and lively and strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

THIS IS SO SUDDEN

A Farce in One Act

By Macpherson Janney

Five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single easy interior. Plays twenty minutes. Jack, a male, who does not appear, and who has been living on intimate platonic terms with three "bachelor girls" for a long time, is suddenly seized with a bad attack of "matrimonium tremens" and at the opening of the piece has suddenly proposed to all three of them with explosive results. The excitement is great while it lasts, but it finally appears that two of the three are protected by the vaccination of previous engagements, so that the right one gets him. Very bright, animated and funny. Well recommended.

Price, 15 cents

MR. KELLEY FROM KALAMAZOO

A Farce in Three Acts

By Macpherson Janney

Eight males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays a full evening. Professional rights reserved. Prentice, out of favor with a rich uncle who supports him because he declines to marry a girl the uncle has picked out, encounters her by accident and has to masquerade as "Mr. Kelley." The encounter is complicated by the presence of Ted Strong, of the St. Louis "Nationals" and the Rev. Ernest Frey, both of whom get mixed up with "Kelley" and with one another. It finally appears that his uncle's choice and the girl for whom Prentice has thrown her over are one and the same and all ends well. An exceptionally bright and laughable farce; characters first class; situations side-splitting, dialogue very funny. A sure hit and can be recommended for schools.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

CLARENCE PRENTICE, *more or less a gentleman of leisure.*

HENRY TETLOW, *his uncle, an impressario.*

RUF KING, *his brother-in-law.*

THE REV. ERNEST FREY, *rector of St. Benedict's, Heathfield Parish.*

TED STRONG, *late of the St. Louis "Nationals."*

IGNATZ DEMAREST ROGERS, *a syncopated genius.*

BARTON, *butler at the Tetlows'.*

JIM, *a policeman.*

MADELAINE SANDERSON, *Tetlow's ward.*

MARY KING, *his niece.*

LESLIE HILL, *late of the "Folies Bergères."*

Students of Raeton College.

SCENE.—Tetlow's home, Raeton.

TIME.—The opening night of college.

THE VILLAGE POSTMISTRESS

A Rural Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By Bertha Currier Porter

Six males, six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. Alice, a nameless girl who lives with the Websters, is loved by the idolized son of the family. The mother, learning of this, turns her out of the house into the storm in his absence. The search that follows her departure discovers her to be the daughter of an early lover of the woman who sent her away. She is finally found and all ends happily. A simple but powerful story told by a cast of strong and well-drawn characters. Plenty of humor; clean and bright. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

THE LAW OF THE TRIBE

An Indian Play in Three Acts for Camp-Fire Girls

By Frederick Stuart Greene

Thirteen males, five females. Costumes, Indian; scenery, unimportant, the piece being intended for out-of-door performance. Plays one and a half hours. An easy, effective and interesting play, introducing characteristic music and ceremonials. Originally written for performance by Camp-Fire Girls and ideally suited for that purpose. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

WEE-NO-NAH	fire builders.	OWL'S HEAD	council men of the tribe.
TA-LU-TAH		GREY WING	
MINNEAWA		RUNNING FOX	
CROOKED HORN, <i>an old Indian.</i>		BROKEN BEAK	
WITHERED ELM, <i>squaw of</i> <i>Crooked Horn.</i>		BITTER ROOT, <i>medicine man of</i> <i>the tribe.</i>	
MINEOLA, <i>their granddaughter.</i>		FLEET FOOT	runners for the tribe.
BROWN DEER, <i>a young brave.</i>		STEPPING STONE	
WHITE EAGLE, <i>the chief of the</i> <i>tribe.</i>		SPOTTED ELK	
		BLACK CROW	executioners.
		BIG SNAKE	

Squaws

Braves

Indian children.

A MODERN CINDERELLA

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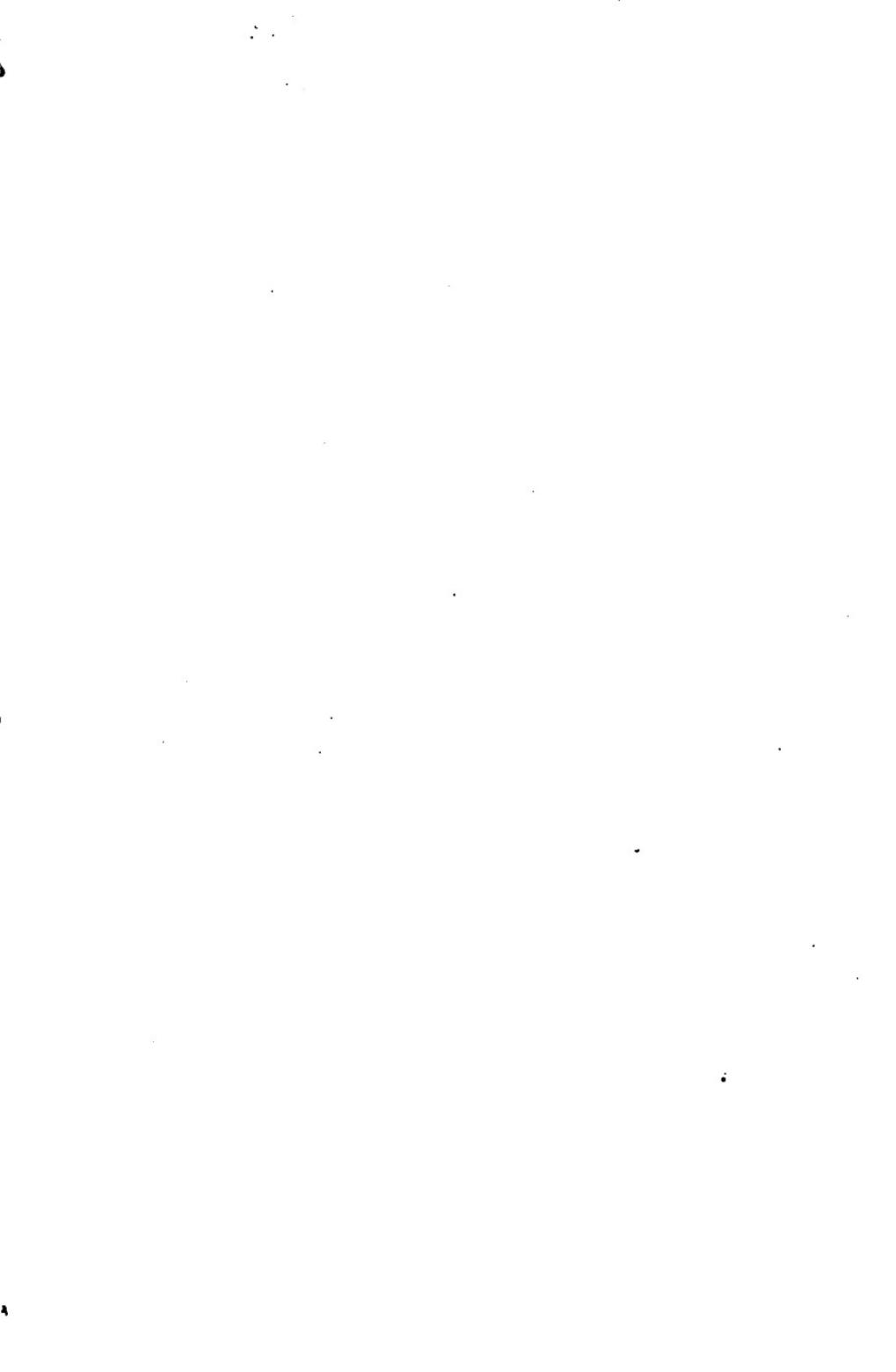
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